

It Will Be Okay by v_writings

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Summary:

After everything is done, you and Jonathan are finally ready to get some rest together.

It Will Be Okay

You can't say that you were expecting everything to go back to normal after what happened last year, but out of all the bad things that could've happened this is probably the worst.

You knew that Will wasn't okay when his episodes started, but there was just a small spark of hope inside you for them to actually be only a result his traumatic experience and not something much more sinister. But right now, seeing Will in *this* state, your heart is breaking in ways you didn't even know were possible.

In the future, when you remember this moment, you will try to focus on how Jonathan's fingers wrapped tightly around yours instead of Will's screams of pain; you will focus on how tightly Jonathan hugged you when he simply couldn't take it anymore—when he just couldn't keep staring at his little brother almost be consumed by the evil inside of him.

"It'll be okay, baby. I promise." You whisper in his ear as he hides his face on your shoulder, his sweaty skin sticking to yours. "It'll be okay." You repeat while rubbing his back, even if you have no idea if it will or not.

In the end— when that thing is finally out of Will— you don't know if you can classify how things are as "okay", but there's definitely been an improvement. Even though Will is exhausted he's finally free from what was taking over him, and at least for now that's all that matters.

Eleven can finally close the gate, and if everything works out you will get rid of this monster for good.

"Jonathan..." He recognizes your voice, but it's too far away and he feels like he can't move, so he ignores it. "*Jonathan, wake up...*" Your voice is closer now, but he still feels like his eyelids weigh too much and he's not strong enough to open them. "Jonathan!" He gasps in fear when he awakens, but he quickly finds you looking down at him with an apologetic smile and he realizes nothing's wrong. "I'm sorry, baby."

"It's okay." He answers in a hoarse voice, sitting up straight in the uncomfortable hospital chair.

He *really* wishes this didn't feel as familiar as it does.

"Will's asleep. He'll be fine, but they said he won't wake up for a while because he was exhausted." He nods and rubs his eyes, trying to wake himself up completely. He can't, because he's exhausted as well. Mentally and emotionally. "I think you should sleep too, baby." You say, bending down so you're meeting his eyes. "I'll take you home."

"I'd actually rather... *not* sleep in my house tonight." He tells you with a small, strained smile, taking your hand and bringing it to his mouth to kiss your knuckles. He's really happy that you're here, because your presence has always had a calming effect on him when he's feeling stressed or upset.

"I understand." You nod, using your free hand to run your fingers through his messy hair. "We'll go to my house then." Jonathan's eyebrows raise in surprise, but you only smile at him. "My parents are sleeping, they won't know."

"I don't know—" He hesitates, thinking about all the ways this can go wrong. He really doesn't want to get you in trouble, but sleeping in your bed with you sounds *really* good right now.

"Come on, it'll be fine. I promise." You say, pulling him up from the chair. You kiss him on the lips, but only for a second.

"Okay, but let's go to my house first so I can shower and change." He grimaces, looking down at himself. You both sweated buckets tonight, and he feels gross right now.

"Okay, okay. Whatever you want." You grab his hip and bring him chest to chest with you, and a moment later your lips are on his again.

This time your kiss is longer, and *deeper*. He feels it in the way your hand pulls on the hair at the back of his neck and in the way your nails dig slightly into the skin of his hip— only enough to leave little

crescent shapes that he won't be able to stop looking at until they fade, remembering how he feels at this moment.

He feels at peace.

A relieved sigh leaves your mouth when you step out of the shower, feeling like you just cleaned a lot more than just your body.

You listen to your parents snoring when you walk past their door, and quickly make your way to your bedroom without making any sounds. You wince at the creaking of your door as you close it, but once it's finally locked the relieved breath that comes out of your mouth feels like the best thing in the world.

You can't stop the smile that takes over your face when you see Jonathan already asleep hugging your pillow tightly to his chest, looking so adorable that you feel like your chest is ready to burst.

"Baby?" You whisper, shaking his shoulder softly. You have to wake him up because he accidentally took up the whole bed, and you need him to move so you can lie down as well.

"Hmm?" He mumbles, barely opening his eyes to look at you. "Sorry." He says when he notices he didn't leave any space for you. He scoots over to the side and you climb in next to him, opening your arms for him the moment you're settled. He rests his head on your chest and wraps one arm around your waist, while you wrap one of your own around his back and use your free hand to run your fingers through his hair.

"I love you." He mumbles sleepily, tangling his leg with yours.

"I love you too, baby." You kiss the top of his head, smiling when he snuggles even closer to you.

He's asleep again seconds after that, but you can't do the same just yet. You keep thinking about everything that happened— about Will, about all the people who died at the lab... about Bob. Bob, who was so sweet and so good for Joyce, and whose company you had really grown to enjoy these past months. He was genuinely nice and caring,

and even though Jonathan and Will didn't quite understand what Joyce saw in him, you knew it perfectly. Bob was *pure good*– and that was everything Joyce had needed.

You're really going to miss him.

A lot happened in a very short time and just like last year, you know it will take some time to process it. But right now, with Jonathan asleep and clinging to you, you can't help but think that things will be okay, even if nothing will ever be the same.

As you drift off to sleep listening to the sound of Jonathan's breathing, that one last thought takes over your mind before you fall asleep completely.

It will be okay.

Author's Note:

I know it's a short one but I wrote it not too long after I finished season 2, and I had a lot of feelings about it lol. If you enjoyed it don't hesitate to let me know, comments make me feel very happy inside ♥